

THE
LOW DUTCH BOY A PRISONER AMONG THE
INDIANS:

BEING AN ACCOUNT OF THE
CAPTURE OF FREDERICK SCHERMERHORN,
WHEN A LAD OF SEVENTEEN YEARS OLD,
BY A PARTY OF MOHAWKS,
IN THE TIME OF THE REVOLUTION,

WHO TOOK HIM NEAR THE FAMOUS MOUNTAIN HOUSE IN THE STATE OF NEW-YORK,
ON THE HUDSON RIVER, AND OF HIS SUFFERINGS THROUGH THE WILDERNESS
WITH THE INDIANS, BEING SEVERAL YEARS AMONG THEM.

ALSO, THE STORY OF THE
HERMIT OF VIRGINIA, FOUND IN A CAVE OF THE ALLEGANY
MOUNTAINS, IN THAT STATE:

AND OF THE
MINERS OF THE MINISINK, ON THE DELAWARE;

WITH SOME OTHER CURIOUS MATTERS, WHICH THE READER MAY CONSIDER USEFUL AS
WELL AS INTERESTING.

EMBELISHED WITH ENGRAVINGS.

The glare of fire, its smoke and flame,
Are hues which tinge the savage name;
The screech—the groan—the cry of fear,
Are sounds that please the Indian ear.
For THUS, their ancient gory creed,
Pronounc'd the pris'ner sure should bleed,
And through death's gate in pain MUST go,
To meet the awful MANITO! (Or Great Spirit.)

By JOSIAH PRIEST,

AUTHOR OF SEVERAL WORKS, PAMPHLETS, &c.

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An Indian encampment near Fort Niagara, in the time of the Revolution. The boy *Frédéric Schermerhorn*, is seen to the left, just starting on the perilous race of the gauntlet, whose narrative is given in the following pages.

ALLUSIONS TO PARTS OF THE ACCOUNTS.

Reasons of the boy's capture.
Conflict between the Indians and an old woman.
Death of the old people, and the burning of their house with the owners in it.

Strange behaviour of the boy's dog.
Flight of the boy's sister, with her four children, and their final escape to the nearest settlement.

Find a tory on their route, of whom the Indians procure milk and indian meal in the woods.

They kindle a fire with some Continental money they had with them.

Indians contrive to frighten the boy, by making preparations to scalp him.

One of the Indians kills an Elk; mode of preserving the flesh without salt.

The boy stripped of his own clothes, and the shirt of a murdered man put on in their stead.

Indians make a bark canoe on the Delaware—vast quantities of wild fowl on that river.

Indians show the boy the bones of twenty-three men, tomahawked, who had been sent on a scout from Sullivan's army, the year before.

Great sufferings from hunger, of both the boy and Indians.

Runs the awful Indian gauntlet, at Niagara.

The same race run by a young woman, a prisoner.

The boy compelled to enlist, or be given over again to the Indians, to be carried he knew not where.

Forced to accompany a party of Indians and Tories in a marauding tour against the frontier settlements.

Fight at Curry's town, near the Mohawk.

Attempts to runaway from the Indians, during the battle.

A child stolen by a squaw, the wife of a chief, in this onset, and the story of this same child, when grown to be a man, trying to find his parents
A child found scalped in the woods, which afterwards lived to be a man.

The boy of our pamphlet carried to the woods of Michigan, where he was kept near a year after the war was over, from whence he returned to his friends on the Hudson.

Story of the boy taken on the Mohawk, and of his being obliged to wear a *cow-bell* on his neck all the way to Canada, and several times to run the gauntlet with the bell on, as he went from tribe to tribe, and of his master's scalping him, in order to sell the scalp—while he cured his head in the mean time—the scalp afterwards found and restored to the boy, which he brought with him, after the war was over, to his home on the Mohawk.

The Hermit of Virginia, or the German Nobleman.

Reasons of his becoming a hermit.

Discovered by some hunters.

Curious account of an early settlement on the Delaware river, in the State of Virginia, and of the mining operations of some unknown people but supposed to be the ancient Germans, even before the Pilgrims landed on the rock of Plymouth.

PLAINS OF SOCIAL LIFE, AN ALLEGORY, in which the principles or passions that induce the sexes to marry, are examined as to their several results. Intended to be useful to rising generations, as well as amusing to the reader.

THE LOW DUTCH BOY A PRISONER AMONG THE INDIANS.

Four miles west of the beautiful and populous town of Catskill, on the North River, is situated the highly romantic village of Madison. The scenery surrounding this place is such, as never fails to excite the liveliest interest in the beholder; as it is here that the wild, precipitous and crooked stream, called the Catskill Creek, has, in some former age, cut for itself a passage through the loose, shelly rocks, to a great depth, in a winding, zig-zag and headlong manner. In some places the stream flows for a short distance over the smooth flat limestone bottom, tranquil and pelucid; then in a moment it is hurled down the rugged descents of successive rapids, into the deep and peaceful bosom of wide and extended eddies the home of myriads of the tenants of the waters. From thence it rushes onward, renewing at varied distances, scenes of the same character, though different in form and aspect; while from these continued cataracts, goes up the everlasting sound of the waters. In the distance there comes rolling from the far west, in majestic and awful undulations, the broad and towering Alleghany mountains, booming up to the very heavens as they pass onward to the southeast, casting over the whole region a lofty look of wilderness grandeur.

It was at *this* place, when in a new and wild condition, that the hero of the following narrative was born; where his parents in the year 1758 being eighty-one years since, settled, and cultivated there in the woods a home—such as the backwoodsman loves—a home of peace and plenty. Frederick Schermerhorn is a Dutch-

man of the *Holland* descent ; a man even now at his advanced age, who gives evidence, in no ordinary degree, of the sober, thoughtful cast of his intellectual powers, so characteristic of his nation, the Low Dutch of Holland. Here Frederic had lived till a lad of about seventeen years old, which carried him, at the time of his capture by the Indians, several years into the seven years war of the Revolution.

But in order to enter immediately, and more particularly into the account, we shall find it necessary to mention, that between a certain dome-like elevation of land, of a very striking and peculiar formation, called by the people of the neighborhood "The Round Top," situated some two or three miles from the immediate foot of the range of mountains above spoken of, there runs a small rapid stream called the Shingle Kill. On this little creek is a strip of alluvial, of excellent quality, where at this earlier time, a relative of the Schermerhorn family had settled ; there, in the woods, between the almost Alps-like mountains, which frowned over the vale, and the towering "Round Top." The name of this family was STROPE, whose daughter had married the son of Schermerhorn, the brother of Frederick, whose sufferings and captivity we are about to relate. To this place, viz : old Mr. Strope's, the boy had been sent to procure the aid of his brother in driving a number of sheep from "Cairo," (a beautiful inland town, now so called, but then was known by the appellation of "Shingle Kill," and at this time could boast of but one house, which is yet standing, and is called the "Carbine House,") to his fathers in Madison, or to where *Skinneman's* bridge was afterwards built over the Catskill.

The time the boy was sent on his errand to Strope's was in the after part of the day, when the sun was some two hours above the horizon ; which was time sufficient, however, for him to reach his destination before dark, as he was on horse-back, and could easily ride the distance, which was about eight miles, in two hours, although the way was then rough, wild and broken. In all the journies of Frederick, in hunting the cattle which then ranged the forest for feeding, or wherever he went, there always accompanied him his large ferocious looking *bear-dog*, which was particularly attached to him, proving a sufficient safe-guard from all danger from the attack of wild animals, or impertinence of strangers. But at this time, strange as it may appear, the dog, his hitherto faithful friend, refused to follow his master. He called him, whistled and chirruped, making all the tokens which were well understood by the dog, to induce him to follow ; but to no purpose ; he could be persuaded no further than to the bars, where he stopped : and raising his huge paws upon the upper bar, gave two or three low protracted howls, of the most dismal kind, but would not follow. This behaviour of his old and faithful dog, seemed very strange : and was afterwards interpreted by the family, to have been a kind of instinctive warning afforded from the invisible world, of the pending fate of the young man. In accordance with this idea, when he had gone on his way as far as to Shingle Kill, he, as related to the writer, felt a strange and unaccountable reluctance to proceed any further ; yet he went on, but much against his will. He arrived safe at Strope's, where he remained all night, but with little rest. Sleep he could not, for the same gloom was upon him that he had felt so acutely during the previous afternoon. The reasons of the dog's behaviour, may have been occasioned by his having, in his rambles in the woods that day, seen the very party of Indians proceeding in the direction his master wished him to go, and had been frightened by a shot from one of their guns, and therefore felt more safe within the precincts of his own premises. In correspondence with this solution of the mystery, it is well known that the *civilized* dog has a fearful antipathy to the sight and smell of an Indian ; seeming very well to understand that they are dangerous characters. But those who may believe the dog's manners at this time were intended as a warning, have, it is true, some reason for the opinion ; for had they influenced the boy so much as to have deterred him from his purpose, he would not have been captured by the Indians, and held four years a prisoner.

The night at length wore away, yet he did not arise as soon as he might have done, as he had not rested well ; but by listening from the chamber where he slept, he found that his sister-in-law was up before him, as well as both of the old people ; and yet he would have continued in bed still longer, as it was not sunrise, had he not been roused by the screams of his sister-in-law, which by the sounds appeared some distance from the house. This had been occasioned by the barking of Strope's dog, which had suddenly darted off towards a swamp in great fury and alarm, when the

sister casting her eyes in that direction, saw through the woods the glimpses of a small party of Indians, painted and accoutred in their usual hideous manner, approaching the house. It was this sight which occasioned her outcry and roused Frederick from his pillow. At this time, although it was so early, Strobe had gone to his work in the field. He too had seen the Indians in their progress towards the house, who all night had lain near it in ambush. So far as we could ascertain, they had not originally intended to do as much mischief as they eventually did ; but had rather aimed at the capture and destruction of a son of Strobe's called *Bastayon*, who, however, at the time was not there, having gone somewhere in Saugerties a few days before, and thus escaped the enemy. Against *Bastayon* the Indians had a mortal hatred, for a trick he had played upon them, some time before on the Susquehannah river. But what the trick was which had so exasperated them, we have not been able exactly to find out. Yet we have no doubt but it was the carrying off of some of their property, as this same *Bastayon* with his wife and children, had been captured on the Susquehannah, somewhere about the Otego creek ; but finding an opportunity, he made his escape from them while on their way to the Indian country, leaving in a most dastardly manner, his family with the Indians. They were however all returned safe after the war. It is likely that *Bastayon* took with him one of their choice rifles, a hatchet, ammunition, &c., articles which did not belong to him when captured. For this, or something of the kind, they were determined to retake him. But, as before remarked, Frederick's sister-inlaw had cried out in affright, while she fled into the house, saying for God's sake Frederick get up, the Indians are just upon us. But by the time he had got on his clothes, they had arrived at the house and entered it. They seemed very friendly at first, shaking hands with every one, even with the boy, saying, "How do, how do ;" asking at the same time for *Bastayon* ; inwardly intending to plunder the house, but not to kill any one. Their first move, as they did not sit down, although invited to do so, was to take down Strobe's gun, which hung on the pegs along a beam of the chamber floor, and to draw the charge. This was done in great haste, as well as all that now followed ; for at that very time, the Esopus Rangers were scouring the country in different directions, whom these Indians seemed considerably to dread. They therefore proceeded to business with but little delay. Strobe was a tory, or king's man, as the loyalists were sometimes called, and did not therefore, very much apprehend any evil from them : yet he knew an Indian to be a treacherous kind of being, *whatever* party they might belong to. On this account, when Strobe saw them approaching his house so early, he did not feel entirely at ease ; and the more so, as among them he perceived an Indian who had often been at his house before, (as the woods thereabouts was their hunting grounds) and who he had sometimes been obliged to knock down with his fist, and kick out of the door, on account of his drunkenness and impertinence at such times ; a kind of treatment an Indian is not apt to forget, though he may be intoxicated at the time. But before Strobe could get to the house, they had thought fit to seize upon several articles of clothing, and meeting with considerable opposition and clamour from the old Holland lady, Mrs. Strobe, they had pushed her about pretty roughly. During this operation one of the number espied a chest in one corner of the room, when with a hatchet, this Indian dashed in the lid at a blow. This act roused all the energies of the old lady, who was a stout, able-bodied woman, and as courageous as she was stout. In a moment, therefore, she made battle upon the Indian, who in a twinkling had found his way among the *peculiar* treasure of a Dutch woman, which is her clean linen, and was stringing a long white piece of the said article about the room, saying, "Make Indian good shirt." But Mrs. Strobe cried out, *Nane, nane* : dat ish *Bastayon's* beace of de linnens. On hearing this, the Indian said, Me hate *Bastayon*, me have good shirt now ; when a struggle ensued—the old lady yanking the linen one way and the Indian the other. At this juncture, the boy, who had been forbidden to stir by one of the Indians, spoke to Mrs. Strobe, saying, Vor Cot's sake let dem haff vat dey vill, or you may lose your life. But she did not regard this admonition, while she yanked away with increasing fury. This sport, however, lasted but a few moments, for the Indian getting angry, ended it by a thump of his tomahawk on her head which laid her dead on the floor. At this moment her husband came to the door, and seeing what was going on, and the blow which had killed his wife, he rushed in among them, with uplifted hands, as he cried out involuntarily, in the Dutch tongue in pure terror, "*Cot-Alamighty*," which he

had no sooner uttered, than a blow from a hatchet of the same Indian, Wam-pe-hassee, upon his head, laid him by the side of his wife in the stillness of death. This was done by the Indian who had been so often roughly handled by Strobe, who was a powerful man, or had been such in years that were passed by. The Indian now circled their heads with a gash, then tore off the scalps with his teeth, placing his foot on the breast as he did it, which sounded in the operation like a piece of linen when suddenly torn assunder, the blood flowing rapidly. When this was accomplished, the same Indian sprang to where the boy stood in terror, who had witnessed the murder of the two old people, and seizing him by the shoulder, said in broken English, "You go me," in the gruff guttural manner of their language. To this the terrified lad replied, "Yaw, yaw, I vill," happy to find himself considered as a *prisoner* only. But if he had said "Nane," or in any manner objected, he too would have fallen a victim. At the time the wife of Frederick's brother, Jacob Schermerhorn, who had married Strobe's daughter, saw the Indians coming towards the house, she ran in, seized the two children which were still in bed, one of which was an infant, the other about two years old, and dressed them as quickly as possible. By the time she had done this the Indians had entered the room, and were shaking hands with the inmates : when she with her two babes slipped out of the door, with the view of making her escape if she could. As she did this she called the other two, in a low voice, who were older and had been out of their bed some time, and were at play a little way off ; conveying them all together as fast as she could into an adjacent field of Rye, which being very tall effectually hid them from sight, as they all laid down flat on the ground. In this condition she remained, keeping her children as silent as possible, for some time, when on hearing a strange crackling noise, she slowly raised her head and looking towards the house, saw that it was on fire ; while the Indians were in the act of moving off, heavily laden with the plunder of the house, with Frederick, the brother of her husband, in their midst. On seeing this, she again laid down, soothing her little ones as well as she could, till the Indians had gone entirely out of sight. She now began to bethink herself of the course she ought to pursue ; for were she to remain near the ruins, it were not impossible but the Indians might return, or some how discover her. The same event she feared, were she to take the road, or *path*, as it was then, instead of a road, to Shingle Kill ; on which account she finally came to the resolve of pursuing the course of the Kish-ka-tom Creek, through the woods, till she should come out at the house of a man named *Timmerman*, who she knew lived on this creek near the place where it empties into the Catskill. This course was a distance of about five miles, and lay through a gulf of the most dismal kind, obstructed by brush, fallen trees, rocks, ascents, descents and ledges, so that it was not till near dark of the same day, when with her four children, she arrived at the house of *Timmerman*, exhausted, hungry, terrified and her clothes badly torn ; while her little ones were screaming and crying. Here she told the horrid tale of all we have thus far related, in language and pathos, such as the pen of the writer cannot describe ; for the *truth* of such disasters and sufferings are not to be depicted by the pen of any man, so as to give the reader an idea of the same kind of feeling the sufferer endured. The day before this murder, the husband of this woman, Jacob Schermerhorn, had gone to the mill on horseback, which was called *Wynkoop's* mill, and was situated on the Kish-ka-tom Creek, and did not return till the next day, at which very time his wife and four children were wending their way through the before described gulf, in their flight from the scene of murder. Schermerhorn, on coming within the neighborhood of his home, saw in that direction a considerable smoke, while at the same time, he was sensible of a very strange smell, which seemed to impregnate the whole atmosphere, such as the burning of some kind of animal would give forth ; but could not conjecture what it might be : not in the least suspecting that it was the burnt bodies of his wife's parents. But on coming quite up to the place where the house had stood, there was nothing but ashes, and the smouldering brands of the burnt timber ; and from the circumstance of there being none of the family about the premises, to tell the occasion of the fire, he knew it was the work of the Indians, although his father-in-law was a tory ; yet himself was of another manner of opinion. But in trying to find out the reason of the smell above spoken of, he found the bones of human beings, but whose they were he could not tell ; nor did he ascertain this till he had found his wife, and from her learnt the account of the tragedy. If this man,

the brother of Frederick, and the husband of the then fugitive wife, had been but a half hour sooner, he too would have been captured or killed ; but so was not his fortune. When he had become satisfied of the cause of all the mischief, he fled ; having hid his bag of meal in the barn, which was not burnt, and where the boy's horse was standing in the stable, making his way with all speed to a small fort, which had been erected on the north side of the Catskill Creek, about two miles *below Eagles ton's* tavern, which is between the towns of Catskill and Cairo, and was called in the Indian tongue, "*Fort Pas-a-ma-coos-ick*," which was probably the name of the spot where the fort was built, *before* it was erected, so named by the natives. Here he gave an account of what had happened—the burning of the house—the death of *some*, if not all, of the family by fire, as he had found human bones in the ashes ; for he did not know, as yet, that any had escaped ; nor that his brother, Frederick Schermerhorn, had been to his father-in-law's house, and was the only prisoner they had taken. On hearing this news, the people about the fort and neighborhood by the next day, made a rally, getting together a great company ; for as the news spread by the means of runners further and still further, the company became augmented in proportion ; for they had come from Madison, Catskill, Acre, and from along the Catskill Creek, with their guns, ammunition, provisions, &c. Their first step was to examine the burnt premises ; to take up the bones, which they now found to consist of but two persons, and to bury them. In the mean time the woods, caves and hollows, along the foot of the mountains were searched, but neither Indians nor the tracks of Indians could be found. They had left the country, but in what direction, they could not guess. But during the search it was ascertained that the wife of Jacob Schermerhorn had escaped with her children, and was at the house of Timmerman in Kishkatom, which was matter of great joy to the disconsolate and hitherto bereaved husband. This trait of Mrs. Schermerhorn's life was one that she never could forget ; for while she lay hid in the field, her home, with all the savages had left, was consuming to ashes. Her parents were roasting in the flame, and the little brother of her husband she had seen led away toward the dreary region of the foot of the wilderness mountains in the neighborhood, while herself and four small children were homeless and compelled to fly whithersoever they could. Had the company, which had come together on the occasion, known the course the Indians had taken soon enough, that is, on the day after the deed was done, they would have followed, rescued the boy and killed the Indians, which they could easily have done. But this information was not obtained until Mrs. Schermerhorn, the daughter of Strobe, had been found, when it was judged too late to make the attempt. Frederick had been gone from home, and from his dog, which he left at the bars looking after him, one night and nearly till end of the next day, but he came not ; the bleat of the sheep which he went after was not heard. What had become of him, was now the enquiry. Already the actions of the dog were beginning to be interpreted as an omen of evil, which no doubt had befallen *Fretheric*, as is the Dutch manner of speaking it. His mother began to take on, saying, *Oh mine Cot, were ish mine poy, my poor Fretheric ; dat was de reasons vy de hown hash not goed wid him—oh mine coot man, saddle de peart, saddle de peart, and run him so vast ash you can.* The old man, the father of Frederic, feeling somewhat moved, silently went and took a horse, and was soon out of sight in the direction the boy and the sheep were expected, the dog following after, which it appears, he was now willing to do. He rode on, and on, but no signs of his son's coming appeared. Strange thoughts passed his mind. Could *Fretheric* be dote ; had de peart fell down and proke his neck pone ; or may pe, de sheeps vont come ; or the volfs hash kilt mine poor boy lash nite. May pe he hash seen a spooke, an he ish kilt mit scare. Oh I vish he vould come mit de sheeps, or vat I coulnt vint hims. Thus ruminating he went on, and soon getting along as far as nearly half the distance from Skinneman's bridge, (or the village of Madison which was then but a woods) to Cairo, who should he see but his son Jacob riding with all his might to get to *Fort Pas-a-ma-coos-ick*, relating the horrid tale to all he met or overtook on the way. Here the father soon learnt what had become of his son, likewise that the sheep were where they were left ; and that the horse was in the barn of his friend Strobe, which was not burnt. He now returned home to his wife and related the horrid story. Here now was sorrow and anguish. *Fretheric* was gone with the Indians. Oh how he must suffer with hunger, or may be they had killed him and torn off his scalp, and had left him in the

woods to be devoured by the wolves. Every day and every night increased these fears and surmises ; till in some way in the course of a year or so, he was heard from by the means of a tory, by whom a letter was sent to his father, disclosing his fate and real condition. But whether he would ever return was a great doubt, as he might yet lose his life by some mishap in the course of the war. But to return now more particularly to the fortunes of the captive, and the Indians who had taken him. As soon as the goods had been made into packs, in numbers equal to the number of Indians, and one for the boy, they made directly for the Catskill mountain, which faces the village of Cairo, in the county of Green, N. Y., passing over it a few miles west of the famous *Mountain House*, through the region of country now called the township of *Hunter*, still a wild, rough and rugged region. As soon as the Indians reached the top of the mountain and esteemed themselves somewhat out of danger, they cruelly took away the boy's shoes, which as it happened were a new pair, and his hat, which was a good one, giving him instead of his shoes an old pair of moccasins, but left his head without a covering during the whole of the dismal journey. There were four Indians of the party, so that placing the boy in the midst he was securely situated, so that if attacked or pursued they could kill and scalp him instantly, and flee as well as they could. For securities sake they took the most difficult route through the wilderness, which at the best is a wild, ledgy, precipitous, broken region, then clothed with perpetual forest of hemlock, spruce, pine and laurel, which greatly increased the hardships of the heart-broken prisoner. Toward night they came to a swampy tract of country, which is situated about the head waters of the Schoharie-kill Creek, in which after finding a suitable place, they encamped. When this was done, one of the number taking a dish, said that not far from where they were, a white brother of theirs lived, and he would go and get some milk and Indian meal. This was a tory who lived there in the woods, and rendered all the assistance he could to the cause of the hostile Indians and English. The conduct of this class of men, the tories, greatly enhanced the horrors of that war, while the friends of human liberty were struggling for the freedom of the country. This tory's name, Schermerhorn could have given the writer, but thought it best not to do so, for his posterity's sake, who are possibly as true friends to the country, as are the posterity of the whigs. The Indian had been gone but a short time, when he returned with milk and meal, in quantity sufficient for their supper ; the latter of which they cooked in a small brass kettle they had with them, making suppawn of the meal, and using the milk with the same. The fire they easily kindled by the flash of a gun upon some dry moss, gathered from the trunk of an old tree, and with a few dollars of Continental money which the Indians had found in a pocket of their prisoner, but was of no value at that time. This afforded them considerable sport at the expense of the credit of the Continental Congress. Here for the first time the boy had to submit to be tied, as they did not think it safe to allow him to be at liberty, lest he might try to run away, while themselves were asleep. This they did by passing a cord round each arm at the elbows and then around his body, when the same cord was tied to the right arm of one Indian and to the left of another, between whom the prisoner slept. This was done in the same manner for three nights in succession, till they had gone so far from the home of the child as to render it impossible for him to return even though permitted to try. In pursuing this course their object was to come out somewhere on the Delaware river, down which they wished to travel a certain distance, and then to cross another horrid wilderness to the Susquehannah and thus onward to the Indian country, to the west. The weather was very hot, and the boy being unused to go without a hat, produced a severe headache, of which on coming to the top of a high mountain where they having sat down to rest, he complained, saying to one of them that his head ached, and enquired if he knew what would cure it. The Indian immediately replied, " Yes me know what good for Yankee headache ; when he drew the hatchet from the belt and flourishing it about said, " This good for headache," while he glared upon him fiercely, giving a yell or two, still adding, " *This good for Yankee headache.*" After this remedy had been proposed the boy took good care not to have the headache any more, or if he had, not to complain of it. On the *second day* of their journey it rained very hard, drenching them through, which soon occasioned them to halt, and putting their packs under some place out of the rain, they fell to peeling some hemlock, of the bark of which they soon constructed a shelter from the storm, quite dry and com-

fortable. When this was done they struck a fire, which being placed beside the face of a high rock, soon gave out its heat so that shining through and over their bark house, which was built close by the fire dried them effectually; where they remained through the whole day and the coming night. At this place it was the lot of poor Frederic to get himself nearly frightened out of his senses: for while he lay there on the ground with the rest, under the barks, he observed that the Indian who had killed and scalped old Mr. and Mrs. Strobe, stepped out among the bushes and cut three small twigs or sprouts, much like whips. He then came in and commenced whittling two of them, out of which he soon formed two hoops by tying the two ends together. On these he now began to stretch the scalps, fastening them on by some stitches of thread he had with him in his bullet pouch. When this was done, he made another, going through with the same operation of making a hoop, but this was considerable smaller than the others, every now and then looking at the prisoner, as if endeavoring to guess the proper size of the hoop, and to suit it to the dimensions of the boy's scalp. He now began to be much alarmed, fearing that indeed it was preparing for him, which the Indian noticed, and having finished it, he turned round to the boy, and seizing him by the hair of his head with his left hand, lifted him to his feet at a jerk; then placing the forefinger of his right hand upon his forehead, passed it hard and gradually quite around his head, as if marking out the track where in a moment or two the knife was to cut, preparatory to tearing of his scalp, at the same time giving a horrid yell, when the boy fell as if he had been shot; so dreadful had been the fright. Here the Indians all at once screamed themselves into uncontrollable fits of laughter, rolling about and yelling for joy, till it appeared as if they would go into fits: so mightily were they pleased at the joke put upon the poor Dutch boy, while he was left to recover himself as well as he could. This incident of Indian humor could never be obliterated from the mind of Frederick Schermerhorn, for at the time the writer of the story was listening to the tale, the old man said he could then feel the point of that Indian's finger moving round his head as plainly as at the very time; so strongly was it fixed in his memory.

On the third day the sun rose brightly from the chambers of the east, when the travellers set forward on their journey, cheerful and gay all but the boy, whose heart was at home with his parents: which was enough to bring the tears from his eyes, but it would not do for the Indians to see him crying, as they might in a fit of rage at such a discovery, cut him down at a blow. They had continued their march till about noon, when coming to a low swaley spot, one of the Indians diverged somewhat from the common course they were steering, and had been thus separated from his fellows for an half hour or so, when the report of a shot was heard. They now stood a little and listened, but not hearing the shot repeated, they hastened to the spot, where they found their companion busy in taking off the hide of a large elk. Here they of necessity halted again, spending the afternoon and the coming night in preparing the flesh of the elk for food on their journey. This was done by cutting it into small strips and boiling them in their brass kettle, which was of a size sufficient to hold eight quarts; causing the operation to be a slow one on account of its smallness. When this was done, they contrived to press the boiled venison into little balls as hard as possible, in order to preserve it the longer, as they had no salt; but of the heart, liver, and a portion of the fat, they made a great feast on the spot, eating almost to surfeiting; which is the true savage or cannibal style of uncivilized and barbarous nations, when they *can*; starving and suffering beyond measure when they *cannot*. This preparation was husbanded with great care, even till it became of a greenish color, which they eat notwithstanding.

On the fourth day they came to the Delaware river, where they halted two days, during which time they made a bark canoe of sufficient size to carry the five persons, baggage, &c. On embarking in their boat or canoe, they took of the coat of Frederic, and in its place they drew on a tow cloth shirt, which had been stripped from the body of some man they had murdered a few days before; for they had been lurking about (as the boy found out by their talk,) a place called the *En-Bofft*, or in English, the *Great Bay*, somewhere below Catskill, on the North River. These Indians were a part of a party who had been sent out by *Guy Johnston*, from Fort Niagara, who passed from the Genesee country over to the Chemung—which river divides between Pennsylvania and New-York, till its confluence with the Susquehanna at Tioga point—from thence they had gone eastward till they came to the

North River, along the shores of which they had been ranging and lurking till they had killed the man, whose shirt the boy Frederick was now compelled to wear. The shirt was considerable bloody, although it had been kept, as it appeared, rolled up in a sack; so that it was clear that the blood was that of the unfortunate owner of the shirt. There were two letters worked with a needle and thread, in this shirt, and were no doubt the initials of his name; but Frederick Schermerhorn had entirely forgotten what they were, so many years had passed since he had worn it, and the time he related the story to the writer. As near as the lad could make it out by their conversation on the subject, at different times, it was at the *En-Bessit*, or as it is now-a-days pronounced, the *Bessit*, that they had killed the man of the bloody shirt.

The names of these Indians were as follows: *Wam-je-has-see*, who was the owner of the prisoner; *Ach-e-wa-yume*, was that of another; a third was *Tom Tory*; this it is likely, was not his Indian name, but some nick-name which had been given him by the English at Niagara; a fourth was called *John Teets*; this also was not the native name of the Indian, which the old man could not remember that he had ever heard.

In their canoe they passed rapidly down the river, finding the shores literally lined with dead shad; which on account of the lowness of the water and the heat of the weather, had died on their return to the sea, from whence they had come early in the spring, to deposit their spawn, as nature directed them to do in all the rivers of America, at their head waters. Wild ducks also were found in vast flocks, fostering their young broods, which were in such quantities that they could be taken alive by the hand in the water; for as yet their native haunts had not been disturbed by the shots and stratagems of the white hunters.

In a little less than two days they had passed as far down the river as was their design to do, encamping on shore one night only. They now hid their canoe in a secure place, took up the packs and resumed the journey on foot, aiming to pass through that dreadful wilderness, to the place called by the Indians *Tioge* or *Tioga*. This was a hard journey for the boy, as it continued several days, all the while carrying a heavy pack, sleeping on the ground, bareheaded and barefooted, with but little food to sustain his strength of body. But at length the distance between the two rivers was passed, which, considering the course they travelled, could not be less than an hundred miles: making in all, from the place where he was taken, in the now town of Cairo, to *Tioga*, two hundred miles if not more, a distance, on account of the horrid way, of more than four hundred miles in a good road. But when they were at this place, namely *Tioga Point*, there was but one half of the journey accomplished; as it was still as far to Fort Niagara, the place whither they were bound to, as it was from the place where he was first captured; amounting in all to full four hundred miles; all the way through an entire wilderness, fully equal to a journey of eight hundred on a fair road, if not more, besides being borne down with his pack, and traveling barefooted.

On coming to this river, the *Susquehannah*, it proved a deep volume of water, except at the rifts; where, having found such a place, they all joined hands so that if one fell down from the swiftness of the current, the rest who were standing could help the fallen one up; and in this manner they went safely through. After getting across this river they soon fell in with the old track of Sullivan, who had routed and destroyed the Indians of the Chemung and Genesee country, with a dreadful overthrow, a year or two before. At a certain place on this route, up the Chemung, they came to a spot where a scout, which had been sent out from the main body of Sullivan's army, had been taken and put to death by the Indians. The scout consisted of twenty-four men, who being ambushed by a body of Indians greatly their superior in numbers, were all taken alive except one, and this was the famous *Murphy* of Old Schoharie, sometimes called the *Indian killer*; who as if it were fore-ordained that he was not to die by the hand of an Indian, came finally to his end at home in peace and quietness; and yet more Indians had fallen by his single hand, than by the hand of any other man during the seven years war of the Revolution. The bones of these men were yet bleaching there on the ground, and were shown to the boy by one of his capturers, who said "*See Kankes bones.*" They were all tomahawked, the Indians having no time to torture them, and were left where they died, to be torn and devoured by the vermin of the woods. When they were taken it was known by the Indians that one of the scout had escaped; who, as soon as

the twenty-three were knocked on the head, took after the fugitive in a full body, who had no doubt but in a few minutes they could find and kill him also.

But they lost him, for as he fled he saw that he was pursued by the whole troop, yelling like an army of mad wolves, and flung himself, on passing round a knoll covered with fallen timber and thick low brush, under an old log of a huge size, while he drew the bark and brush over him, and at the same time worked himself in under the side of the log as far as he could, as it laid a little up from the ground, and thus placed his life on the issue of the stratagem. In a minute or so the horde came on, passing over the very spot, many of them, where he lay, yelling as they went but could not find him. He continued in this condition, not daring to stir till it was dark, when he crawled out and made his way to the encampment of Sullivan, with the news that all the rest no doubt were dead or taken prisoners.

In the progress of their journey along this part of the country, they often showed the boy where the cannon shot of Sullivan had cut off the bark and limbs of the trees as he charged the Indians with grape and canister, wherever he could get sight of them. During this trip of the fortunate general it is related, that having out-flanked a body of several hundred Indians on a certain range of high land, which on one side was bordered by a precipice of great height, over which he drove them headlong, when they were dashed to atoms in the fall, as they dare not face about, the dreaded cannon, which of all death's array an Indian fears the most, being behind them.

At length the party arrived in the country of the Genesee river, where the Indians were still in considerable numbers, as they had returned again to their ancient grounds after their flight from Sullivan a year or two before. According to the ancient usage of all Indian nations, a prisoner of war is compelled, on entering their encampments, to run between two rows of Indians; composed however, not of armed warriors, but of the *old* Indians, the squaws and half grown savage boys, who are at liberty to strike, kick, and throw clubs and stones at the wretched prisoner, as he strains every nerve to reach a destined hut, where, if he is not disabled in the race, he is safe when once within it. But from this fearful ordeal, for some unknown reason, the prisoner was delivered by the Indian who owned him. This was effected by the Indian dressing him in the clothes he had on when first taken, and by placing in his hands the gun of old Strobe, which they had brought with them. The young Indians seeing this, supposed he was not taken as a *prisoner*, but had come among them as a friend or from choice. They however took the liberty to blow in his gun to see if it were loaded: and finding it was, drew from this circumstance the certainty of his standing with the Indians, who were his companions. Why his master had been thus merciful in saving him from the horrors of the gauntlet, he never knew; but it is likely from pity, as the boy was found in the house of a tory, and was not therefore considered as the child or friend of an enemy, as were the children of the whigs.

While resting a little at this Indian encampment, there was a white prisoner, a man, brought in, but so poor and emaciated that he could not well get along, on which account his capturer had set him upon a horse to recruit him a little. But a certain Indian seeing this, ran up to him bidding him to get off. But the white man refused to do so; when the Indian with furious gestures made at him, saying, "You want go die? Me give you go die:" when he jerked him to the ground, mounting the horse himself, leaving the man to struggle on as he had before, his master not interfering in the matter.

At this place they remained but a short time, when dressing him as he was before, they renewed their journey towards Niagara, suffering from hunger far more than on the first part of their tour; living on roots and a certain herb, which they pounded to a pumice, and then enclosing it in other leaves, baked it in the hot ashes of their fires. The name of this herb or leaf he had forgotten, or we should give an account of it. After a few days passed in this way, they began to come within the neighborhood of another Indian encampment, situated on the creek now called the Tonnewanta Creek, through which the canal runs in the county of Niagara, New-York. As soon as they were near enough for their yells to reach the ears of the occupants, they gave *one* whoop to announce that they had *one* prisoner, and *two* more for the *two* scalps of the old people they had burnt—Strobe and his wife. These tokens, which they had not seen fit to give at the first encampment, consider-

ably alarmed the poor boy, as he could not make out what it might mean. In a few seconds these yells were answered from the camp, by the screams or corresponding yells of a great many Indians at once, which rent the air like the howling of so many wolves : then all was still. In a few minutes they had come within sight of the huts, at which place there was a heavy party of warriors, just ready to depart on a war expedition towards the devoted frontiers along the back settlements of the State of New-York. In the eyes of the boy they were awful to look upon, being hideously painted and armed with guns, knives and tomahawks, for the work of destruction. As they were approaching the party, a certain half-breed Indian came up to the boy, as if he would shake hands with him in token of friendship. But as he extended one hand, seemingly for this purpose, he cuffed him headlong with the other, so that he fell to the ground. The Indian then turned away, laughing as he went, at the trouble of the miserable boy. He now began to recover himself from where he had fallen, when another Indian seized him by the arm and at a jerk set him on his feet, saying, "Get up Yankee," when he also gave a cuff more violently than the other, which sent him a rod or so, rolling on the earth. He now thought it best to lie still, as he expected every moment to be killed : and that if he should attempt to get up again, it would but be the signal of another knock down. But as he lay there a Nanticoke Indian from the South, who could speak English quite well, and was an officer in the English army, proudly and gaudily dressed, approached the boy where he lay, and said, as the other had said, "Get up Yankee." But the boy refused, as he could see no use in getting up merely to be knocked down again. But the Indian stooping down took him up gently, saying, "Stand up Yankee," taking from his pocket at the same time a small bottle of rum, which he put to his mouth, as he said, "Drink Yankee—me love to fight Yankee, and me love to treat Yankee too." He then sat him down on the ground and gave him a piece of biscuit, which, when he had eat it, considerably enlivened and recruited him. The war party now went their way, while himself and the four Indians resumed their journey towards Fort Niagara, where they were to get pay for the scalps and for the prisoner from the British ; keeping it a secret that the scalps were those of the friends of the Crown ; caring very little whether they were friends or foes, if they could but get the scalp reward, which was eight dollars a piece.

During the residue of the journey they suffered much with hunger—eating roots, herbs, berries, and several skunks, and any thing they could find in the woods which they could devour. Game it appears was very scarce, as they killed nothing on the way larger than now and then a squirrel or a skunk, or some small bird : occasioned no doubt by the destruction of all the Indian possessions the year before by Sullivan ; which drove them to an entire extermination of the game of that country, to prevent a general starvation. From Tonnewanta Creek to Fort Niagara was about fifty miles, in the neighborhood of which place were the homes and families of his capturers, where he got something to eat ; as at these huts he fell in with an old Indian, who as soon as he found out the boy's name, said that he had eat many times at his father's house, on which account he was very friendly to him. Here he also met with a tory, who advised him out of pity how to act and how to answer questions which would be asked him when he should come to Fort Niagara. But while in conversation with the tory, there came into the wigwam an Indian with an axe in his hand, who on seeing the prisoner drew it back as if he would strike it into his head, while he sprang towards him giving a dreadful yell, which so frightened the boy in his weak state of body, that he fell down as if he had been actually killed ; when the Indian gave a loud long blow of wind from his mouth in derision, then a whoop, and then he fell to laughing, with all the Indians about the wigwam, as loud as they could scream, at the poor Yankee's trouble, his timidity and fear. Between the place where the families lived and the fort—which was a distance of two miles—there was a large encampment of Indians, where he had to run the much dreaded *gauntlet*. This took place near the fort at a distance of about ten rods from the gate. Here he expected to die, as he saw on both sides of the path which he was to run, as many Indians as could stand, of all ages and sizes, with boys and squaws, all armed with guns clubs and whips ; leaving a distance between them of about six feet, reaching quite to the gate of the fort. The Indian who had captured the boy now stood by him, [see the first plate] and told him to run for his life ; for if he could but reach the gate and enter the fort, his troubles would after that be at an end.

But his heart almost fainted at the sight, for he had no expectation of reaching the fort, which to him looked like the paradise of rest, if he could but enter its open gate. He now started, when the Indians gave a yell, but no one struck him or otherwise injured him, except the young Indians about his age, who severely switched his bare legs with whips as he ran; while the officers of the fort hallooed to him from the gate, to run or he would be killed, which he made out to reach without falling or meeting with any serious wound, amidst the roar and laughter of the savages, his rags flying in the wind as he ran.

He had no sooner entered the fort than he was questioned as to the amount of the American forces by the clerk of Guy Johnston, who entered all he said in a book. But the boy knew no more of the amount of the American forces than if he had never heard of the war; as his age, his manner of bringing up, and his parentage—which was a secluded Dutch family—precluded all correct knowledge of the kind. When they were satisfied of his ignorance on these subjects, and withal saw his miserable condition, they gave him over to the care of a certain squaw, (See the door of the fort as in the plate) who had the superintendence of the cooking apartment, where the boy was carefully fed and taken care of by the squaw, who seemed to pity him nearly as much as his own mother would have done. He had been here but a few days, when he saw the clothes of old Mrs. Strobe, of the old man and his sister-in-law, and even his own clothes and shoes on the Indians, their squaws and pappooses; while himself was nearly naked, bareheaded and barefooted: even the coat which the Indians had taken from him at the Delaware, which they supplied with the bloody shirt, he saw strained on to the body of a tory, who had bought it of the Indian who owned it.

This dreadful race of the gauntlet was also run by a Miss Anne McKee, who was taken prisoner in the town of Harpersfield, New-York, in the Revolution, by the Mohawk Indians under Brandt. This young woman was a Scotch girl, who during the journey suffered incredibly from hunger, the want of clothes, and other privations. When she came to the Fort, Niagara, the squaws insisted that she should run the race, in order that the *pale faced squaw* might take a blow from her sex of another nation than herself. It was a greivous sight to see a girl, weak from hunger, and worn down with the horrors and privations of a four hundred miles journey through the woods, by night and day, compelled at the end to run this race of shame and suffering. Her head was bare, her hair tangled into mats, her feet naked and bleeding from wound, all her clothes torn to rags during her march, presented her an object heart-rending to look upon. She wept not; all her tears had been shed; her eyes stared around her upon the grinning multitude, with hopeless amazement and fixed despair; while she glanced mournfully at the fort at the end of the race. The word was given, which was a yell, when she started off as fast as she could, while the squaws laid on the whip with all their might—thus venting their malice and envy upon the hated white woman. She reached the fort, but in an almost dying condition, as she was beat and cut in a most miserable manner, her person being greatly exposed, on account of the want of clothes to defend her. She was at length allowed to go to her friends—some Scotch people then living in Canada—and after the war was over, she returned to the States.

As soon as Frederick Schermerhorn had gained a little strength, and was somewhat recruited from the awful journey he had performed, from Catskill to Niagara, which as before remarked, was full four hundred miles, and twice that distance, considering the way: he was told that he must now enlist as a British soldier in the king's service, or go again with the Indians. This was what he had not suspected; he now saw that a point in his history had arrived which was dreadful to contemplate; a dilemma, viewed on either hand, full of all that was revolting and dreadful to his imagination. If he should refuse to enlist, then the horrors of an endless captivity among the filthy, cruel Indians stared him in the face—or if he should enlist, then the horrors of a perpetual separation from his parents, his country, and all that was dear to his memory, as well as the terrors of war by sea and land, stared him in the face. To lift his hand against his country, when that country was bleeding at every pore, was of all things abhorrent to his imagination; yet, after much deliberation in his own mind, he thought it best to enter the English army, as this course would probably afford him a better opportunity of escape than a state of captivity among the Indians would do; or if he could not escape, the war would end sometime or

other, and then, perhaps, he might get home again, if not sent on board a man of war for life, as an English subject.

He now put down his name, sobbing with grief as he did it, while the officers who looked on tried to persuade him that it was right, and that the Americans were a set of accursed rebels, and would soon all be hung by the neck till they were dead; then the king would make a man of him for life. But this had no effect on his mind to make him cheerful, while in his heart he cherished the secret design of running away as soon as he could get an opportunity.

As soon as this was done, there was paid to his capturer, *Wam-pee-has-see*, forty Spanish dollars, which was the bounty the crown paid for every young man from the rebellious Colonies, who should enlist as a king's soldier. He was now dressed in a suit of blue, and attached to a company under Guy Johnston, called the forresters, who did not dress in the hated red coats, but in blue with white facings. In this condition he remained nearly four years, even a whole year after the war was over, in virtue of his enlistment, the English claiming him as a British subject. About a year had elapsed, when an expedition was fitted out under a Lieutenant Duxtater, for the Mohawk country, consisting of about fifty white men and a hundred Indians. This Duxtater was a Dutchman, who had been brought up on the Mohawk, and was therefore intimately acquainted with the country and the people. He was a relative of Butler, the coadjutor of Brandt in the war—yet we cannot but think he was somewhat less cruel than many others of the Americans, who espoused the side of the British—on account of his merciful treatment to a house full of women and children taken prisoners at Currytown, which we shall soon relate. During this trip of intended murder, the party suffered from hunger so much, that they were forced to eat their own horses, three or four in number, on which they carried their packs. Their course was down through the country pretty much as the canal runs, passing over the region now under the hand of civilization, formed into the counties of Orleans, Monroe, Wayne, Cayuga, Onondaga, Oneida, Montgomery, and a part of Otsego, into the western side of Schoharie, to a place called Currytown. At this place there was a fort and something of a settlement, where the expedition calculated to enrich themselves with plunder, prisoners and scalps. In their approach to this place, which was wholly unexpected to the people of Currytown, the Indians had taken eight prisoners, six men who were at work in their fields, a negro boy and a little white girl. But as they approached the place they were discovered, when the men fled to the fort, and as many of the women as could reach it. But there was a certain house which was nearer to many than was the fort, into which the women and children who could not reach the fort entered, hoping in the terror of the moment, that it would cover them from the shot of the enemy. Duxtater saw this, and that the house was full of women and children, when he immediately set a guard of white men around it, to prevent their being massacred, intending probably to carry them off as prisoners to Canada, as soon as the skirmish should be over.

But for some reason or other, he did not see fit to attack the fort; nor dare the men who occupied it venture to sally out upon the enemy, which gave them a better opportunity to plunder, and to destroy the place, except the fort and the house where the women and children were huddled in together. During the burning of this place, Duxtater happening to be near where Frederick Schermerhorn stood, said to him, "Go sir, and set that barn on fire, yonder; I have not seen you fire a single building to-day;" no—nor you will not, replied Schermerhorn, as I cannot find it in my heart to destroy the property of my own people. Duxtater turned away, and said no more to him, seeming to honor by his silence, the patriotism of the boy. As the party of Duxtater approached the neighborhood of Currytown, it had been the intention of the hero of our story to give them the slip, and if possible escape to Albany, and thus return to his parents and his country. He had often wept in silence for his home, never for a moment forgetting the dear fire-side of his father's house, on which account he was ever on the alert to escape from the hated British torments and the Indians. In pursuance of this design, as the party came into Currytown he made the attempt. This was done by falling in the rear of the party under a certain pretence, for a short time, when he would follow on again; but in reality fled, as soon as he saw himself out of their view. His aim was to gain a certain piece of woods which was at hand. But as he neared it, he came unexpectedly in sight of the block-house or fort, whose small arms he found were directing sundry

shots at him, not knowing his intentions, and seeing his dress was that of the enemy, they would soon have finished his journey had he not fled or retreated ; and besides this, he was in danger of being discovered in this attempt by the British and Indians ; so that he was like to get between two fires, where he feared he should fall a victim to his own temerity. On this account he was compelled to return to the party and soon joined them, being still determined to make his escape at some future time.

Doxtater having now done what he could in reducing the place, left it in a fright, occasioned by a runner, a tory, who brought the news that he had heard that a company of the rebels were just upon them, and gave his advice that he had better retire. This he did, leaving the house where the women and children were unmolested : which act cannot be accounted for on any principle other than the mercifulness of his feelings, or from policy, supposing it not impossible but he might be captured ; and if so, it would certainly go better with him when it should be known that he had saved the lives of so many helpless women and children from the knives of the Indians. The object of this expedition was plunder, and therefore, no doubt was the reason why the fort was not attacked, as the enemy did not care to spend their time and ammunition in an attempt to capture it, or to lose any of their men in trying to burn it. Be that as it may, they suddenly, no doubt for the reason above mentioned, departed, aiming to reach another small place not far from Cherry-Valley, called *Tourbaugh*, where they intended to secure more plunder as they went, consisting of horses, cattle, provisions and prisoners. But in the mean time, Col. WILLET, a man well known in the history of the border warfare of Schoharie and Otsego Counties, had got news of what was going on at Currytown, for he was at the very time posted but a few miles from the scene of the enemies depredations, and was on his way to intercept him.

Between Tourbaugh and Currytown, there was a gorge which ran along at the foot of two hills, very near each other forming a narrow valley, and lay in the exact direction the enemy would have to pass. At this place Col. Willet meant if possible, to fall in with the enemy, as he knew this would be his route in retiring from the country ; and also that Tourbaugh would be in the line of his march, and that of course, it would be destroyed unless he could in this way save it.

After the conflagration of Currytown, the enemy having retired into the wilderness, and night coming on they encamped, rejoicing much over the plunder they had secured and the injury they had done the rebels. During that night, Willet and his men made their way to the pass above named, where he lay in ambush for the expected foe, who would certainly pass that way in the morning, hoping to recover the property they had taken, and prisoners if they had any. Doxtater, however, was considerable of a warrior, and by no means so heedless as to enter a narrow wilderness pass, without first examining it. Accordingly he ordered several of his Indians to reconnoitre the place. It was but a short time before these Indians returned with the news that the pass was occupied, and that the rebels were upon them. In a moment, the eight prisoners of whom we have before spoken, were tomahawked, the little girl and all, scalped and left on the spot, as they belonged to the Indians, where they were afterwards found and taken away by their friends.

By this time Willet was upon them, and being much superior in numbers, they fought but a few minutes, when they broke and fled in all directions. Schermerhorn, however, as it happened, did not fire a gun in the battle, having been placed over a prisoner they had captured, namely one *Peter Quackenboss* or *Quackenbush*, as the name is sometimes spoken ; and this was the only battle Schermerhorn was in during his captivity, and of course did his country no harm, although he was a British soldier. Here the enemy lost all they had gained at Currytown, except a few horses, which they had to eat before they got back to Niagara : so that they returned a set of poor miserable wretches, whence they came, with nothing but eight scalps, one of which was a negro, and another that of the little girl, and the prisoners, the *Quackenbosses*, taken as above related.

There were two of the Quackenbosses taken, namely David and Peter. They were taken by the white men of the party, and according to usage, belonged to them to kill or to save, or they would have been tomahawked when the other eight were. These two men were out on a deer hunt, and were watching a deer-lick, when they were suddenly taken by Doxtater's white men. While Schermerhorn stood

sentry over Quackenboss, he related to him in what relation he stood to the British cause, being a soldier by compulsion, and with all his heart wished to get away. The instant Quackenboss learned this, he proposed a flight; but Schermerhorn refused, saying as the Indians were every where, it would be impossible for them to effect it. In a few minutes, there came from the very course Quackenboss proposed to run, a number of the Indians, which proved that Schermerhorn was right, and that they would have lost their lives in the attempt. A few nights after this, while the party was ascending a hill somewhere in the region of Newtown martin, near Otsego Lake, called the *Oaks*, this Peter Quackenboss made his escape, and pursuing his back track, attempted to reach Currytown, but unhappily, was taken again by another party of Indians, who were prowling over the country, and carried to Canada, arriving about a month after the arrival of Doxtater's expedition. Both Quackenbosses returned after the war to the States. From this it is clear, that if Schermerhorn had fled with him that night from the *Oaks*, that he would have been recaptured, and of course hung for desertion, on account of his enlistment as a British soldier.

At the time Doxtater and his Indians left Niagara, there accompanied him a certain squaw, the wife of a noted chief, who went with him for the purpose of getting a white child, a boy, as they had no children of their own. During the destruction of Currytown, this squaw, on seeing the house we have spoken of, which was crowded with children and their mothers, went to it, and standing by the door, as the sentinels passed by one way and the other, watched her opportunity, till she saw in the arms of a woman a child that suited her fancy. On this child she kept her eye, till the woman happening to come within her reach, who had it in her arms, the squaw snatched it from her and fled. The sentinels would not prevent her, as they knew her object in coming, and it would not do to disappoint her—the enmity of the Indians would thereby have been gained by it. The woman who lost the child screamed dreadfully after the infant, but it was gone beyond recovery, as the old imp of a worse world than this, darted off into the woods like a spectre of darkness, and made her way to Canada with the party she came with, having secreted herself during the conflict with Willet. The infant was about two years old, a beautiful child, fated from that hour never to know its parents or kindred, its country and civilized privileges it had lost—doomed to perpetual savageism. About a year after this, Schermerhorn saw the child at Fort Niagara, well and hearty, wonderfully dressed in the true Indian style, caressed and loved by all the Indians. Respecting this child, we have no doubt, but we are able to give the reader some further account. In the year 1828, about ten years since, there was a white man who came from among the western Indians in quest of his parentage and friends. He stated, that after having been many years among the Indians, he was told by them that he was stolen when a child, from *Schoharie* in the time of the war and carried to their country. The Indians did not know the name of his father or that of the child, and could therefore give him no information of his parentage or of himself. But when he was told that he was fully a white man, or pale face, which it appears he did not suspect, as in all respects he knew himself as an Indian only, he became anxious to be identified as such, among a nation who were more honorable than the savages. His manners and habits were perfectly Indian; he could whoop, sing, dance and hunt with the true *native* dexterity. He went to Washington, to New-York, to Albany, Schoharie, and to many other places in the region of Albany, to find if possible, some person who could give him light on the subject of his search, but could find none. Had he hit upon the acquaintance of the hero of this story, it is not impossible but he might have gained a ray of light as to who he was; but this did not happen. During all his journeyings, he begged his way, as he had no money; which was always freely bestowed, as his condition moved the sympathies of the public in his favor. But when he found the search was a fruitless one, he returned to the forest again, as it was there he could mingle with a race of human beings more congenial to the ways and feelings which had been thrown over his existence by accident. Had he found his friends, it is most likely the same result would have ensued, for the same reasons. He appeared to be a man of fifty years old, which would correspond to the time of his capture, and to the time when the squaw at Currytown seized the child from the arms of the woman in the house, as above related.

It is well known that the Indian warriors never steal and carry off in time of battle *helpless infants*, but rather kill and scalp them; it is the *squaw* that does this: the

warrior has not patience to bear with its crying, while the squaw has, if she intends it for her *own*, or for some friend, to supply by adoption the want of such a child.

From these facts, and the *age* of the man we have here given some account of, and the *time* and *circumstances*, accompanying the capture of the child at *Currytown*, induces us to believe that the poor wanderer was the very child taken there, as we have heard of no other *infant* which was carried out of old Schoharie during the Revolution.

On the morning of Willet's battle with the Indians under Doxtater, as they fled, they came across a lad, the child of a Dutchman, *Dievendorf* by name, about fourteen years of age, whom they stunned with a blow of the hatchet, and tearing off his scalp left him for dead, as they no doubt thought. As Dievendorf himself, now an old man, informed the writer, he came to and finding himself, as he supposed, in a dying condition, crawled toward a fallen tree, feeling a burning thirst, and as if his head was on fire, so dreadful was the pain where the skin had been torn off. Here he dropped down upon his knees, and lay with his breast over the log in agony, the blood streaming down his temples and forehead over the side of the log to the ground. He had not been long in this condition, when a party of Willet's men, or some of the inhabitants who had rallied on this occasion, and were in pursuit of the Indians, came across the mangled lad, as he hung over the log. At first sight, seeing the bloody head, they supposed it to be the head of an Indian, with a red bandanna handkerchief tied round it. In an instant the rifle of the man who saw it first, was to his eye with a view of killing him; when a man standing by who had looked more attentively at it, struck up the gun, just at the moment when a ball would have finished the poor boy's days and pain together. For God's sake, said the man, don't fire, it is some wounded person, or it would not lie there in so motionless a condition. They now went up to it, and found a wounded person indeed, unable to speak or move. He was conveyed home, as they now perceived whose child he was, and finally recovered; making a stout, hearty man, with whom the writer has conversed, and also has examined his head, which still shows the horrible scar—the mark of his sufferings in the cause of American freedom. Dievendorf is still living near the place where he was scalped; a man of a heavy property, as we have been informed, and a good citizen of the part of the country he inhabits.

Among the fifty white men who accompanied Doxtater were some Tories, who for fear they might be known by their old neighbors, had blacked and painted their faces like the Indians, before coming to the neighborhood of Currytown, and advised Schermerhorn to do the same. But he replied *No*, saying, "If I am to die in the battle, let me die a *white man*." After the return of the party to Niagara—such of them as survived—Schermerhorn was sent as a member of a body guard of one Captain Dase, to Michigan, where he remained to the end of the war, and nearly a year over; but was at length allowed to return to the States, and to his parents, who at the time of his return were living in the city of Hudson, having for some reason left their habitation near Skinneman's bridge on the Catskill, where we commenced the story. It is now sixty-two years since the morning of the capture of Frederick Schermerhorn. The exact spot where he was taken, and where the house was burnt with the aged people—Strope and his wife—is on a little flat or peice of alluvial land, on the creek called Shinglekill, a few rods east of the house built, and owned for about forty years, by Ebenezer Beach, one of the first settlers of the woods west of Catskill, near the foot of that range of mountains. The writer of this little history has stood on the very spot where the smoke and flames of the consumed dwelling of these people curled upward towards the heavens, and where the cry of the owners shot deep and shrill through the convulsed air, in their agony; but now all is still, save the murmur of the brook as it goes by, and the whistle of the winds among the willows that grow where they dipped the water-pail, along the brink of the Shinglekill. As it respects the political principles of this Strope family, we have never understood that they were of the violent kind, but rather of the neutral character; which was far better than avowed or secret enemies, as were many of the Tories, who made the murder of their neighbors a matter of speculation and gain; from such characters we may piously say, "Good Lord deliver us," as the heart grows sick at the recollection that human nature is capable of such a weight of infamy. We are thus particular to mention the very spot where the boy was captured, as every inch of ground which has drunk up the blood or the tears of the sufferers of the Revolution, (Tories excepted) is becoming hallowed and sacred, as the very prints and footsteps of the Genius of Liberty herself, and is thus esteemed by her sons.

Frederic Schermerhorn is still living within about two miles of the place where he was taken ; a man well known as a character of the first order of the farmer class ; is a member of the Presbyterian Church at Cairo ; from whose lips we received the foregoing account—so far as relates to his *own* history in the account—and is still living to answer to the truth of the story, if any question it. In justification of the publishing this account, and any and all accounts of the kind that are true, we may remark—and we believe the public are with us in the opinion—that whoever despises any narrative of the sufferings of any individual in the conflict which achieved the independence of our country, is not worthy of the privileges which that independence secures to him ; for in so doing he despises the blood that was shed to procure those privileges ; and would say to the wheels of time and to the trump of fame—Stop ; that the news of the glorious deeds of our fathers may not be known to future ages ; and that the history of the Revolution may sink into eternal darkness, never to be lisped to the ears of the generations yet unborn, or to the distant nations of mankind, who as yet know not the sweets of liberty and independence.

Of the Schermerhorn family there were a number ; some of whom lived on the Mohawk in the time of the Revolution, and were considerable sufferers by the Indians and Tories. There was one family of this race by the name of Abraham Schermerhorn, who lived at a place now called Glenville, about four miles from Schenectady, on the north side of the Mohawk river. This particular neighborhood was more than once alarmed and made to flee to Schenectady for safety. In this family of Abraham Schermerhorn, there lived a young lad, whose name our informant had forgotten, a German boy who, at a certain time when all of a sudden it was announced by a messenger on horseback that the Indians were upon them, giving the inhabitants scarcely time to fly to Schenectady, in the moment of general confusion and alarm, ran and hid himself in a smoke house, where the family also deposited their ashes. The family had scarcely made their escape when the enemy had entered the house, which they instantly plundered, devouring every article of food it contained, in the cupboard, garret or cellar. During this search for food one of the Indians found the smoke house, which he entered in hopes of finding a ham or so. Now while groping about in it, as it was not over light, there being no window, and the building was of stone, light could enter only by the door, he trod on the boy, who had literally crawled *under* the ashes when he found that the Indians had actually arrived, as he could hear them about the premises. The Indian finding he had trod on something alive, stooped down, and with his hands soon hauled the boy from his hiding place, and led him out into day light. He now gave the prisoner yell, when in a moment the whole horde came out of the house and gathered around the poor boy, who was a pitiful object to look upon, as he was covered with ashes, by which means his face was all in streaks, occasioned by his crying ; so that the Indians said he was already painted ready for the battle. They shook him about at a great rate, to get the ashes off him to see how he looked, which wonderfully frightened him, as he now expected to be killed. When the Indians had finished the work of plunder, as they did not burn this house, only breaking all the iron ware, crockery, &c. besides throwing a barrel of tar into the well, they departed ; when the leader, who was Butler, had written his name on the door, in order to let the family know, when they should return, who had been there. There was a little negro boy which they found hid under the bed, whom they carried off with them, making a world of sport for themselves with the boy, as it was to them a great curiosity. This negro boy was with the Indians fourteen years before he got back to the Mohawk again. But before they left the house, one of the Indians found a cow-bell, which they tied on the neck of the German boy, and made him wear it all the way to Canada. This produced among the Indians a great deal of sport, as the bell made every where a wonderful rattling. The bell, however saved him from being tied by night or day, as he could not stir except giving the alarm with his bell. He suffered much, as he was made to run the gauntlet *naked*, (with his bell on) several times, as he went from tribe to tribe, when he was cut and wounded nearly to death, by the blows of clubs, whips, and hatchets. He was among them about two years, during which time his owner, the one who found him in the ash house, scalped him for the sake of getting the price for it allowed by the British. But the operation was done so carefully that he was cured by the Indian who did it. This was an awful operation, in which he suffered more than if he had been knocked on the head with a hatchet, as was the ordinary way. But in this case it was done in cool blood, and in such a way as that the boy knew all the preparations beforehand, besides actually having

his scalp torn from his head, to boot. But the Indian, after he had taken it and stretched it on a hoop, as is their way to preserve scalps, lost it before he had carried it to the scalp agent. This same scalp was afterwards found by a Dutchman named Swart, who was also a prisoner, but got away, and brought the scalp with him; so the boy had it to look at after he had grown to a man, and had returned to the Mohawk.

During that war there were many who were taken prisoners and carried to Canada, among whom was a Mr. Swart, a Mr. Canoe, and a Mr. Vealy. This Vealy, as it happened, was a man who was extremely particular about his victuals—how it was cooked, seasoned, &c. Some of the Tories knowing this, told the Indians, who on that very account compelled him to eat soup made of horse flesh, dogs and cats, and withal forced him to eat it out of the same trough with dirty papooses. And besides dogs, cats, and horse meat, they made him eat snakes roasted the same as they would roast an eel or a fish. There was one consequence, however, arising out of this treatment, which was some compensation at least, for by this means he was kept from starving, which otherwise he might have suffered.

There were many sufferers on the Mohawk in the time of the Revolution, an account of which we intend soon to publish; when we shall have visited all the old people yet living who suffered in that war, and shall entitle it *Legends of the Mohawks*.

Thus in giving an account of the Low Dutch Prisoner, and some traits of the lives of others, we have added an item to the vast history of personal sufferings which the Revolutionary heroes endured in that memorable conflict for human rights and rational liberty: which rights and which liberty are better understood and appreciated by Americans, than by any other people of the globe, and which they are ever ready to defend and maintain.

THE HERMIT OF VIRGINIA.

An account of the discovery of a hermit by some hunters, in a cave of the Alleghany Mountains in 1785, who was apparently near a hundred years old; together with some curious remains of the mining operations of the ancient people in this country: and of the first settlers at the Minisink, on the Delaware, before the grant of the lands of Pennsylvania to William Penn, or his treaty with the Indians, or the landing of the Pilgrims on the rock of Plymouth.

Far from the haunts of men the hermit fled,
As if on earth his hopes were lost and dead,
The mountain cleft apart, by a thunder shock,
Gave him a home amid a dreary rock;
From whence the meteor's fire that burn's on high,
He watched by night along the gloomy sky,
Betokening, as he thought, on the face of night,
Millennium's opening dawn of religious light,
When the far fled woman, from her forest rest,
Should come in splendor, from the Indian west;
And goodness like a sea, by tempest hurld,
Deluge with truth, and light a wicked world.

In the year 1785—fifty-three years ago—two gentlemen, by the names of James Buckland and John Fielding, living in the State of Virginia, took it in their minds to explore, to some considerable distance, the wild and unknown regions lying northwesterly, which at that time were but partially known to the settlers on the eastern side of the Alleghany mountains. These men it appears were well qualified by education to undertake a tour of this description, as they were acquainted with trigonometry and surveying. The war of the Revolution was then over, and therefore less danger from the Indians was to be apprehended than before or during that war. The awful solitudes of the west furnished subjects of speculation and wonder to all men in those days; and many were the compacts formed and executed, which penetrated those solitudes in quest, not only of game and furs of the wilderness, but also of the minerals of the mountains, which were found to contain silver, lead, iron, and even gold—so abundantly verified by later discoveries.

It was on the 19th of June of the above year, that Captain Buckland and his companion took their departure on this expedition, well armed and furnished for a journey of several weeks. They were attended by two stout blacks (see the plate) bearing muskets, the whole four laden with bread or hard cakes and some salt, depending for meat on their guns, as game was plenty; so that they had nothing to fear on the score of the want of provisions. They took also a compass, in order to have it always in their power to know the directions of their journey and to prevent being



A view of the hermit and his mountain cave, as discovered by some hunters : the particulars of which are given in the following page s.

lost. After having travelled several days, they came at length to the Alleghany mountains, whose towering summits furnished them with a vast view of the ocean of wilderness below them, stretching away to the north, the east, the west, and to the south, far beyond the reach of human vision, diversified by hill and dale in endless succession, and clothed in a world of blossoms and verdure; presenting to the mind, at one glance, an immense heaven of terrestrial formation, well suited to become the future habitation of the millions of the human family who now cover the face of the earth where this wilderness then rolled its billows of green foilage on the eddying winds. It was a wonderful sight; enough to entrance even the eyes of a savage, and much more the eye of a man who sees the works of God with a different mind than does the untutored Indian. On these mountains they were sure that they discovered many traces of the minerals of these ranges, which have been worked more or less in different places, since the settlement of these wilds. The wilderness in many places abounded with game—bears, panthers, wolves, elk, deer, foxes, beaver, marten or sables, woolleneagues or whopperknockers. There were many beautiful streams and rivers which wound their courses like so many volumes of molten silver through the green wilderness, stretching away towards the ocean; looking to these hunters, as they viewed them from the pointed summits of the Alleghanies, like a world of enchantment. Were we to stop in our remarks to give an account of their conflicts with and capture of different kinds of game, during their journey, it would extend these pages to far for the present purpose.

They had been traversing the mountain ranges of the Alleghanies for several days, being loth to leave them and descend to the west beyond them, till satisfied with their grandeur. On a certain day, sometime in the forenoon, having attained to a point of mountain which attracted their notice, they sat down to rest and to refresh themselves with food, and to drink from a small rivulet that exuded from a ledge just above their heads, which to their lips was as grateful as the touch of ice water, it being so cold. Here it was that they discovered the ground to be somewhat trodden, but by wild beasts as they supposed. These appearances they of course commenced to examine, when in a short time they discovered a small footpath leading down the mountain from this place, yet there were no prints of the human foot. They had no doubt, however, but it was the path of some wild animals, and perhaps that of a den of bears, or the panther, which they might fall in with were they to pursue it. This they concluded to do, but with considerable alarm and anxiety, not knowing what might be the event. They now examined their guns, primed them anew, and cautiously descended the course of the path. In about a quarter of a mile or so they found the path grew plainer; but as the ground was hard and flinty no certain prints could be made out, yet a path was certainly evident. The descent ran along between two ridges of high and ragged rocks at but a little distance apart, forming a hidden gulf, as the whole length was covered with a thick and shaggy woods, consisting of pines, hemlock, spruce, vines and brambles of every description, shutting almost entirely out the rays of the sun. In this condition they still continued to descend the chasm, in a silent and exceedingly cautious manner, not knowing what moment they might fall in with a den of ravenous beasts. They had gone on in this way for about two miles, when the ridge on the left came to an abrupt end, while the one on the right still bore away in a western direction, jagged and precipitous as ever. At this point they came suddenly to an open and full view of a wide extended and level country, when as it were a new day burst upon their sight; for the sun shining in his glory poured his rays over the whole region. As they now were wondering at the extent and beauty of this valley, they saw that the path turned short to the right towards the face of the inaccessible rocks above, and that it ended there. But at the place where it came up to the ledge, they saw the mouth of a cave or fissure in the rocks, having no doubt but they should soon find out what kind of animals lived in it, and probably a conflict of some sort would ensue. Now as they stood ready in breathless silence, there came slowly out of the cave the form of a man, [see the plate] tall of stature; his head was bald, but from his face and chin there hung quite down to his breast, a beard as white as snow, full and flowing. His limbs and body were covered with the skins of animals. He saw the strangers, and being struck with surprise, stood for a moment as if petrified at the sight. At length however, after having assured himself of their nature, he spoke in a grave and solemn voice, saying, "Friends, human forms—from whence, or who are you—are you angels or men?" One of the white men replied—"we are men." He then waved his hand in token of friendship, saying "With joy do I once more behold human

shapes!" as he now went towards them. On his approaching them they moved a little back, being in a great surprise at so strange a sight as that of a man of so great age coming out of the side of a mountain. As the strangers were receding, he called after them with emotion, saying "Leave me not; I am an innocent hermit; I cannot hurt you; I live in this cave, whose mouth you see." They now met him cordially, each of them—blacks and all—shaking him by the hand, while he showed such tokens of joy as are not easily expressed by the pen. He now invited them into his dwelling, the mouth of which was surrounded by an exuberance of vines, the roots of which were fastened in the crevices of the stones and narrow juttings of the rocks above; giving it the appearance of a sylvan retreat, especially at that blooming season of the year. They found on entering it several small apartments formed by nature, which the labor of the hermit had very much improved; so that they were comfortable and secure in all weathers. Over head in one of them was situated a large quantity of the wood called fox-fire, which emitted in the night a curious lonesome kind of light, serving somewhat to enliven the place, better than the common sides of the rock forming the cavern, when his torch of pine knots was not lighted. The view from the outlet was grand indeed, as it commanded the great vale below, already described. The articles which served him in his cooking were few. In one corner was a place for a fire, the smoke going out at a crevice behind it, which penetrated in a slanting direction up to the open air, beneath a ledge which overhung the opening, so that the rains or snow could not enter it. They remained all night with him, intending on the next day to have left him to pursue their journey. But being so well entertained with the hermit's account of the wilderness, the mountains, and the wild game abounding in them, they concluded, at his most earnest invitation, to remain several days with him; during which he accompanied them in several curious rambles among the precipices, examining the signs of ore among the rocks, which was abundant, consisting of lead, silver, and various kinds of salts—alum, salt-petre, &c. The hermit had all the arms that a hunter needed, with ammunition enough for his whole life time: so that he was not exposed to suffering for the want of food; roots, berries, grapes and nuts serving for bread, which were abundant in those wild regions. The Indians he said had never molested him, as from his caution he had never met with any, or there were none in the mountains—choosing rather their abodes on the level parts of the country, along the rivers and brooks; and besides this, after the war they had retired farther westward. As to their enquiries who he was or from whence he came, or the reasons why he thus had chosen to hide himself from all mankind, he declined all answers. From his free and easy behavior and his evident happiness in their company, it was clear however, that he was an honest and innocent man; having committed no offence against society which had impelled him thus to hide himself. His speech was a little tinged by a foreign accent favoring the German; but his elegant education, which appeared in all his conversation, nearly obliterated all traces of that description. During their stay with him his conversation was wholly upon the wilderness, its products, and his adventures since dwelling there: avoiding altogether the circumstances of his life prior to his hermit calling. Whether it was on account of disappointed love, or some fanaticism in his religion, they could not tell; yet to the latter they inclined their belief, on account of his piety and strictness in his morning and evening worship; his solemn regard of the stars, the flash of the meteors of the heavens, the sound of thunder, and the lightning of the storms.

In his cavern there were many curious specimens of ore, of a white, black, and a yellow description, gathered among the ledges. He had several skins of the deer, some of foxes, two or three of panthers, with several bear skins of very great size; of these he made his bed covering, and wore the same for garments, as shown in the plate. He related several stories of his encounters with these animals, the killing of which it was exceedingly curious to hear. When the hunters were about to leave him they did all in their power to persuade him to go with them, promising him protection and support as long as he should live; but he declined, saying although he had been very happy in their company, and that they were welcome to remain in his cave as long as they pleased, yet he could not leave it as it was there that heaven had provided him a place of dwelling, where he should reside while he lived in this world. But when they left him he was exceedingly affected, for the tears rolled in big drops down his wrinkled face, knowing that in all probability he should never more see a human form on the earth: as from his great age, which seemed near a hundred years, he could not live much longer. They now shook hands with him, while he blessed

them in the patriarchal way, and then left him. It was evident that he had in his youth been a handsome man : as even then he was quite erect, having a high broad forehead, a depth and width of chest, and a height of stature, denoting that he could not have been less in his prime than six feet high. His eyes were of the deep blue color, heavily shaded with long white eye-brows, which originally had been black, as well as the hair of his head. His teeth were worn off to the gums, but yet the roots remained sound in their sockets. The distance his cave was situated from the nearest settlements was, as near as they could judge, all of a hundred miles. What became of him we know not, as any further certain knowledge of his fate has never been given the public. It is likely however, that in some ramble he at length failed of his strength, or fell from some ledge and thus perished alone. Or it may have been that he died of mere old age in his cave, and that his bones are still there, and may yet be found ; as the caves of these mountains are more and more examined by the settlers at their base, and by the mineralogists of the day, in search of the mines of those mountains, the Alleghanies.

But as to who this hermit was, and from whence he came, and the reasons why he thus had taken up his dwelling in the heart of a mountain, we have no doubt but we can inform the reader. We have spent many years in searching out curious things, relative to the early settlers along the rivers near the sea coast, and among other things, we, have, as we believe, discovered who this hermit was. It appears, that as early as 1609, which is two hundred and thirty-one years ago, and eleven years sooner than the landing of the Pilgrims on the rock of Plymouth, which was in 1620, one hundred and twenty-eight years after the discovery of America by Columbus, and three years earlier than the settlement of New-Amsterdam by the Dutch, on the island of Manhattan, New-York, which was in the year 1613 ; that there was a company of Swedes, who had found their way to the Delaware river, and settled upon it, at a place called by the Indians, Minisink, which word means in the Indian language, " the water is gone." For our authority respecting this settlement, we have consulted Hazzard's Register of Pennsylvania, vol. I. p. 179. From that Register we extract the following account : " The history of the first settlements on the Delaware river, commences at a much earlier date than is generally imagined. — There was, of very early and ancient times, a settlement and plantations on the Delaware, made by a christian people, namely the Swedes. In the year 1609 this settlement was recognized by the government of Holland." By this we perceive that the true date of this settlement was some time before 1609, as at this time they had already plantations of considerable extent along the river, extending in a scattering manner for several miles on both sides. Soon after this time, 1609, which was the year Henry Hudson, in the employ of Holland, discovered the North River, the Dutch made several attempts at settling at various places, till they were all cut off by the Indians in 1632, who were then left the sole occupants of their own ancient wilderness domain. During all this time, this little settlement of Swedes, hidden in the forest, nearly a hundred miles up the Delaware river from where Philadelphia now stands, and about that distance west of Esopus, N.Y. on the Hudson, were going forward in the cultivation of the great flats of the Minisink, in amity with the Indians, but unknown to all other people of the earth, except to the Indians along that river. All the other settlements made by the Dutch having been cut off by the Indians, the government of Holland ceased therefore to exercise its jurisdiction over these settlements in America, as there was nothing to govern as they knew of.

From this it is clear that the North River as well as the Delaware, had been discovered by the Swedes some time before it was by Hudson. But in the year 1638 the Dutch tried it again, by actually making settlements along the Delaware, and other places on the coast of the sea. It appears from this Register, that William Penn even purchased the spot where Philadelphia now is, of seven Swedes, who had possession of it before his grant was made to him by the then King of England. How they came by it or when, is not stated in the work we have consulted, but doubtless they had it from the Indians. And from whence these seven Swedes came, is not stated. They may however have been some remnant who had escaped the Indian massacres of all the rest, except those at the Minisink. But from the above date, (1638) the coast was visited all along till the year 1700, and settlements made by the Germans, so that the country was fast being peopled by them ; the descendants of whom fill many parts of Pennsylvania, New-Jersey and Delaware states—a people of the first agricultural order. Not a great while after this new rush of the people of Holland Germany and Sweden to the new world, there came among the

rest a certain religious body of men, nearly fifty in number, who styled themselves, "The Society of the Woman in the Wilderness." They were all men of learning, who wished to devote themselves to a life of celibacy and religion; and believing that the American forests offered them a sanctuary of safety and peace, came hither. It is likely they founded their society upon a text of Scripture found in the book of Revelations, chapter xii. 14, which reads thus—"And to the woman were given two wings of a great eagle, that she might fly into the wilderness into her place, where she is nourished for a time, and times and a half time, from the face of the serpent." Therefore they went to the great wilderness of America, the place to which they believed she had flown, as stated by the Revelator, where they hoped to be the first who should greet her at her appearance in that wilderness. They were men of great abstemiousness and piety, believing it a species of sin to marry or live with a woman; consequently they were a company of hermits, living in the woods and caves of the mountains, a sober and an austere life. In their own country they were called *Pic-tists*, on account of their strictness in religion. Their first place of location was among the Germans at Germantown in Pennsylvania, where for a while they were much revered by the people. But in a little while they went altogether into a wilderness place, and lived as hermits in such caves and places as they could find, contiguous to each other. As to the means of getting their food they could hunt, and besides they had money, for they were men of property in their own country, and had converted this into cash: so that they were not poor, especially their leaders, who were four in number, one of whom was a nobleman—John Kelpius by name—who was their head. After a few years this head man or prophet died when the Society of the Woman in the Wilderness began to fall assunder; as many of them got married, and thus destroyed the nucleus of their profession. But as this society of the woods was about at an end, there came from the same country (Germany) another school of the same class, who had come to unite with their elder brethren of the forest. Among these was a *diviner*, whose name was Conrad Mathias. He was also a professor of medicine, and had the reputation of a magician, or one who could cast nativities after the old Egyptian and Chaldean manner. After the death of Kelpius the faith was continued in one of their number, who had been the student of Kelpius, namely, John Seeling. This man continued many years a hermit, and was remarkable for resisting the offers and pleasures of the world; and for wearing a coarse garment next to his skin, as his master had done, and in imitation of the ancient prophets. The main idea which they cherished was that of the Millennium, which they believed would soon appear—even during their lifetime; on which account they wished to be ready, waiting for this Woman—the Millennial Church, who should come up from the wilderness leaning upon the arm of her beloved. That beloved one, upon whose arm she was to lean, was this society, then and there waiting for her in the purity of their lives, with their lamps burning; when they, as soon as she should appear, were to rush onward, and to convert cities, towns, and neighborhoods, and finally the whole world. Accordingly they kept watch from the tops of the hills on which they dwelt, toward the heavens in the night, ready to discover the appearances of any thing supernatural in the skies. The shooting of a meteor, the flames of the aurora borealis in the north, were objects of import, set in the heavens as signs and forerunners of the appearance of the woman of the Revelator—the approach of the Millennium. This practice was romantic, and wonderfully calculated to excite the imagination. What is more magnificent than the march of God's host through the heavens—the stars, the comets, the meteors, the aurora borealis, the flash of the fires of the clouds in the darkness and stillness of the night—a time of all others the best calculated to nourish ideas of enthusiasm and romance.

The propriety of waiting thus in the wilderness was authorized from several Scriptures; such as Moses being forty years in the Midianitish wilderness when God appeared to him in the burning bush, and forty days in Mount Horeb; Christ's being forty days on a mountain in the wilderness; John the Baptist coming from the wilderness preaching, &c. From these facts they believed and hoped that they might become so purified, by a life of abstinence and holiness, that they might become the instruments of God in bringing on the Millennium, as well as that Moses and John the Baptist had thus been prepared to be the means of great overturns in the world, on subjects of a supernatural character. These men were all esteemed Christians of the first order—as their lives were blameless among mankind—but they were highly fanatical. This was their misfortune rather than their sin; as we consider a harmless fanatic far better than an orthodox hypocrite.